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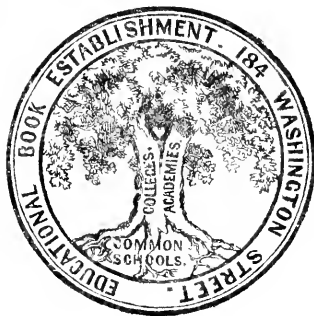
[CORRECTED EDITION.]

POPE'S  
ESSAY ON MAN;  
*D. C. Recd. in April, 1844.*  
FOUR EPISTLES

TO  
HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE;  
WITH  
NOTES  
TO

INDICATE THE CONSTRUCTION OF OBSCURE SENTENCES.

EDITED BY A TEACHER.



BOSTON:  
WILLIAM B. FOWLE AND NAHUM CAPEN.

1843

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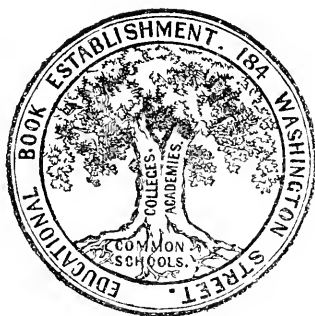
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## P R E F A C E .

THE high esteem in which Pope's Essay on Man is held by teachers, as a text book for the exercise of parsing, is sufficiently attested by the great number of school editions. The more the Essay is used for this purpose, the more highly it will be appreciated, for the extreme condensation of the style forces the pupil to exercise his judgment in ascertaining the meaning of the author, and in supplying the ellipses. This edition has been very carefully compared with several standard editions, and will probably be found more free from errors of typography than any other American edition; indeed the only motive for the revision has been the extreme carelessness with which the Essay has hitherto been printed.

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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1843,  
BY WILLIAM B. FOWLE & NAHUM CAPEN,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

AN  
ESSAY ON MAN.

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EPISTLE I.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to  
the Universe.*

Of Man, in the abstract—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, 17—66. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, 69, &c. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, 77, &c. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, 113—122. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, 123—172. The unreasonableness of his complaints against providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, 173. That to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, 179—206. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties 207—232. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire, 233—253. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to providence, both as to our present and future state, 281.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.  
Let us (since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die)  
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man; 5  
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:  
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,  
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.  
Together let us beat this ample field,

<sup>9</sup> Let us *beet, try, explore, eye, shoot, catch, laugh, be candid and vindicate.*

Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10  
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;  
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, 15  
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,  
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?  
 Of man, what see we but his station here,  
 From which to reason, or to which refer ? 20  
 Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.  
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs, 25  
 What other planets circle other suns,  
 What varied being peoples every star,  
 May tell why heaven has made us as we are ;—  
 But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,  
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
 Looked through ? Or can a part contain the whole ?  
 Is the great chain that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find,  
 Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?  
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
 Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less !  
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made  
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ? 40  
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 't is confest,  
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,  
 Where all must full or not coherent be, 45  
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;  
 Then, in the scale of life and sense, 't is plain,  
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man ;  
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

23 He —— may tell.

31 Has thy soul looked through the bearings, &c. of this frame ?

36, 38 Why thou art formed.

42 Sa tel'-li tes, the Latin syllabication.

43 Where all must be full or not coherent.



Is only this, if God has placed him wrong? 50  
 Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labored on with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;  
 In God's, one single can its end produce, 55  
 Yet serves to second too some other use.

So man, who here seems principal alone,  
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;  
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;  
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God ;  
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65  
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;  
 Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled ; and why  
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not, man's imperfect, heaven in fault ;  
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought ; 70  
 His knowledge measured to his state and place,  
 His time a moment, and a point his space.  
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there ;  
 The blest to-day is as completely so, 75  
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescribed their present state :  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;  
 Or who could suffer being here below ? 80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. 85

O blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms, or systems into ruin hurled,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90  
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;

55 One single movement.

70 Ought to be.

78 All but the page called, their present state.

80 Who could endure being here ?

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ; 95  
 Man never is, but always to be, blessed ;  
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.  
 Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven ;  
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced, 105  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To BE contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ; 110  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.  
 IV. Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence :  
 Call imperfection, what thou fanciest such ; 115  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust.  
 If man alone engross not heaven's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ; 120  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Rejudge his justice, be the god of God !  
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel ;  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause. 130  
 V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine ?  
 Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 't is for mine :

92 Wait *for* the great teacher.

113 Go *thou*, wiser, &c.

120 *Being* made. 121. *God's* hand.

129 And *he* who but wishes, sins.

"For me kind nature wakes her genial power,  
 "Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower :  
 "Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135  
 "The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;  
 "For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;  
 "For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;  
 "Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;  
 "My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not nature from this gracious end,  
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?  
 "No ('t is replied) the first, Almighty Cause 145  
 "Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;  
 "The exceptions few ; some change since all began :  
 "And what created perfect ?"—Why, then, man ?  
 If the great end be human happiness,  
 Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ? 150  
 As much that end a constant course requires  
 Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires ;  
 As much eternal springs, and cloudless skies,  
 As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.  
 If plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design, 155  
 Why then a Borgia or a Catiline ?  
 Who knows, but He, whose hand the lightning forms,  
 Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,  
 Pours fierce ambition on a Cæsar's mind,  
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ? 160  
 From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs ;  
 Account for moral, as for natural things :  
 Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit ?  
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165  
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;  
 That never air nor ocean felt the wind,  
 That never passion discomposed the mind.  
 But, all subsists by elemental strife ;  
 And passions are the elements of life. 170  
 The general order, since the whole began,  
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man ? Now upward will he soar,  
 And, little less than angel, would be more ;  
 Now looking downward, just as grieved appears 175

153 As much *requires* eternal springs.

157 This *But* is a contraction of *Be put*, and the construction is, *Be he out*.

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.  
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all ?  
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,  
 The proper organs, proper powers assigned ; 180  
 Each seeming want compensated of course,  
 Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force ;  
 All in exact proportion to their state,  
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own : 185  
 Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?  
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
 Be pleased with nothing, if not blest with all ?  
 The bliss of man, (could pride that blessing find)  
 Is, not to act or think beyond mankind ; 190  
 No powers of body or of soul to share,  
 But what his nature and his state can bear.  
 Why has not man a microscopic eye ?  
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.  
 Say what the use, were finer optics given, 195  
 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven ?  
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 To smart, and agonize at every pore ?  
 Or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,  
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain ? 200  
 If nature thundered in his opening ears,  
 And stunned him with the music of the spheres,  
 How would he wish that heaven had left him still  
 The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill !  
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205  
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?  
 VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,  
 The scale of sensual, mental power ascends :  
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass ; 210  
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :  
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;  
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215  
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood ;

195 What *would* be the use. 197 Or *were* touch given.

198 *Man were* to smart, &c.

200 *Man were* to die, &c.

211 What modification of sight, of smell, of hearing.

215 From the life, i. e. the *living beings* that fill.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :  
 In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,  
 From poisonous herbs, extracts the healing dew ? 220  
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,  
 Compared, half reasoning elephant, with thine !  
 Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier !  
 Forever separate, yet forever near !  
 Remembrance and reflection, how allied ; 225  
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide !  
 And middle natures, how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass the insuperable line !  
 Without this just gradation, could they be  
 Subjected, those to these, or all to thee ? 230  
 The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

VIII. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high progressive life may go ! 235  
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !  
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,  
 Natures ethereal, human ; angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect ! what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach ! from infinite to thee, 240  
 From thee to nothing.—On superior powers  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale 's destroyed :  
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245  
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.  
 And, if each system in gradation roll,  
 Alike essential to the amazing whole ;  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250  
 Let earth unbalanced, from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns rush lawless through the sky,  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,  
 Being on being wrecked, and world on world ;  
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255  
 And nature tremble to the throne of God :—  
 All this dread order break—For whom ? For thee ?  
 Vile worm ! O madness, pride, impiety !

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,

259 What absurdity it would be ; and 263, 265, *It would be just as absurd, &c.*

Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head ? 260  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?  
 Just as absurd, for any part to claim  
 To be another, in this general frame :  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains, 265  
 The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;  
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,  
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame, 270  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;  
 To him, no high, no low, no great, no small ;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name :  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
 Submit—in this, or any other sphere, 285  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear ;  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ; 290  
 All discord, harmony not understood ;  
 All partial evil, universal good :  
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, " Whatever is, is right."

273 The soul that warms, &c. being as full, &c. as in the rapt se-  
 raph.

279 To Him no thing is high, no thing low, &c.

## EPISTLE II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself as an Individual.*

The business of man, not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature ; His powers and frailties, and the limits of his capacity, 43. The two principles of man, self love, and reason, both necessary ; self-love the stronger, and why ; their end the same, 83. The passions, and their use, 83—12. The predominant passion, and its force, 122—150 ; its necessity in directing men to different purposes, 153, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principles, and ascertaining our virtue, 167. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature ; the limits near, yet the things separate, and evident. What is the office of reason, 163, &c. How odious vice is in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, 207. That, however, the ends of providence and general good are answered in our passions, and imperfections, 225, &c. How usefully they are distributed to all orders of men, 231. How useful they are to society, 239, and to individuals, 247. In every state, and in every age of life, 259, &c.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;  
 The proper study of mankind is Man.  
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;  
 With too much knowledge for the skeptic side, 5  
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,  
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest,  
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;  
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer,  
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ; 10  
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :  
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;  
 Still by himself abused, or disabused ;  
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;  
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;  
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science guides,  
 Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ; 20  
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;  
 Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,  
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;  
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod, 25  
 And quitting sense call imitating God ;  
 As eastern priests in giddy circles run,

26 And call (thou) quitting sense imitating God.

And turn their heads to imitate the sun ;  
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule ;  
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool ! 30  
 Superior beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
 Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
 And showed a NEWTON, as we show an ape.  
 Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35  
 Describe, or fix one movement of his mind ?  
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,  
 Explain his own beginning, or his end ?  
 Alas, what wonder ! man's superior part  
 Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art ; 40  
 But when his own great work is but begun,  
 What reason weaves, by passion is undone.  
 Trace science then, with modesty thy guide ;  
 First strip off all her equipage of pride ;  
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress, 45  
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness,  
 Or tricks to shew the strength of human brain,  
 Mere curious pleasure or ingenious pain ;  
 Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts  
 Of all our vices have created arts ; 50  
 'Then see how little the remaining sum,  
 Which served the past, and must the times to come !

II. Two principles in human nature reign ;  
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;  
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55  
 Each works its end, to move or govern all ;  
 And, to their proper operation, still  
 Ascribe all good ; to their improper, ill.  
 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;  
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60  
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
 And but for this, were active to no end ;—  
 Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;  
 Or, meteor like, flame lawless through the void, 65  
 Destroying others, by himself destroyed.  
 Most strength the moving principle requires ;  
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires ;  
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,

33 Could he (Newton), who saw its (the comet's) fires, explain, &c. ?

50 Of all arts *that* our vices have created.

52 And must *serve* the times to come.

55 Nor this a good or bad *principle* we call.



Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise. 70  
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;  
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :  
 That sees immediate good, by present sense ;  
 Reason, the future, and the consequence ;  
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75  
 At best, more watchful this, but that more strong.  
 The action of the stronger to suspend,  
 Reason still use, to reason still attend :  
 Attention, habit and experience gains ;  
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,  
 More studious to divide, than to unite ;  
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,  
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.  
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85  
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.  
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;  
 But, greedy, that its object would devour,  
 This, taste the honey, and not wound the flower : 90  
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;  
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :  
 But since not every good we can divide, 95  
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;  
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,  
 List under reason, and deserve her care ;  
 Those, that, imparted, court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100  
 In lazy apathy let Stoics boast  
 Their virtue fixed ; 't is fixed as in a frost,  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;  
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale :  
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find ;  
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

71 Object is nigh.

72 Reason's objects lie at distance.

76 More watchful this (i. e. reason) but that (self love) more strong.

79 Attention gains habit, &amp;c.

81 Schoolmen, more studious, teach, split, &amp;c.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,  
 Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite :  
 These 't is enough to temper and employ ;  
 But what composes man, can man destroy ?  
 Suffice, that reason keep to nature's road, 115  
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,  
 These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,  
 Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind : 120  
 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife  
 Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,  
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;  
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125  
 The whole employ of body and of mind.  
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;  
 On different senses, different objects strike ;  
 Hence different passions more or less inflame,  
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130  
 And hence one master passion in the breast,  
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;  
 The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135  
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength ;  
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,  
 The mind's disease, its ruling passion, came ;  
 Each vital humor which should feed the whole,  
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul ; 140  
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
 Imagination plies her dangerous art,  
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.  
 Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ; 145  
 Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;  
 Reason itself but gives it edge and power,  
 As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.  
 We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,  
 In this weak queen, some favorite still obey ; 150

114 But can man destroy what composes man ?

115 Suffice *it*, or *let it* suffice.

121 *Being* the lights and shades.

125 *The* present pleasures and *the* future.

126 *Being* the whole employment.

144 Pours *it*, i. e. whatever warms or fills.

150 In this weak queen, viz. the ruling passion.

Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,  
 What can she more than tell us we are fools ?  
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,  
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !  
 Or, from a judge, turn pleader, to persuade 155  
 The choice we make, or justify it made :  
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,  
 She but removes weak passions for the strong :  
 So, when small humors gather to a gout,  
 The doctor fancies he has driven them out. 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred ;  
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard :  
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,  
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe :  
 A mightier power the strong direction sends, 165  
 And several men impels to several ends :  
 Like varying winds, by other passions tossed,  
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.  
 Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,  
 Or, oft more strong than all, the love of ease : 170  
 Through life 'tis followed even at life's expense ;  
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,  
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,  
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The Eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175  
 Grafts on this passion our best principle ;  
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,  
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed ;  
 The dross cements what else were too refined,  
 And, in one interest, body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,  
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,  
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,  
 Wild nature's vigor working at their root.  
 What crops of wit and honesty appear, 185  
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear !  
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;  
 Even avarice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy :  
 Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,  
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave : 190  
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,  
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)

152 What can she *do* more, &c.

193 Thus nature gives *to* us the virtue, &c.

The virtue nearest to our vice allied ;  
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill, 195  
 And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.  
 The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,  
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.  
 The same ambition can destroy or save,  
 And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave. 200

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,  
 What shall divide ? The god within the mind.  
 Extremes in nature, equal ends produce ;  
 In man they join to some mysterious use :  
 Though each, by turns, the other's bounds invade, 205  
 As, in some well wrought picture, light and shade,  
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice  
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.  
 Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,  
 That vice or virtue there is none at all. 210  
 If white and black, blend, soften, and unite  
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?  
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;  
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, 215  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
 But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed ;  
 Ask where 's the north ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ; 220  
 In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No creature owns it in the first degree,  
 But thinks his neighbor farther gone than he.  
 Even those who dwell beneath its very zone, 225  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;  
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree ; 230  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;  
 And even the best, by fits, what they despise.  
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,  
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;  
 Each individual seeks a several goal ; 235  
 But heaven's great view is one, and that the whole ;

195 Reason turns the bias.

202 The God within the mind shall divide.

206 As light and shade *do*.

That counter works each folly and caprice  
 That disappoints the effect of every vice :  
 That happy frailties to all ranks applied,  
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride, 240  
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief ;  
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,  
 Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise ;  
 And builds on wants, and on defects of mind, 245  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,  
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
 Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all. 250  
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
 The common interest, or endear the tie :  
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;  
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline, 255  
 Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign ;  
 Taught, half by reason, half by more decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbor with himself : 260  
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,  
 The poor contents him with the care of heaven.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing, 265  
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;  
 The starving chemist in his golden views  
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,  
 And pride bestowed on all, a common friend ; 270  
 See some fit passion every age supply ;  
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight, 275  
 A little louder, but as empty quite ;  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And beads and prayer books are the toys of age ;

259 Whate'er the passion, &c. *may be.*

265 See the beggar, the cripple, the sot, the lunatic, the chemist, the poet.

Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,  
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. 280  
 Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;  
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,  
 And each vacuity of sense by pride :  
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ; 285  
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;  
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,  
 And not a vanity is given in vain ;  
 Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,  
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine. 290  
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;  
 'T is this, though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

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### EPISTLE III.

#### *Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Society.*

The whole universe one system of society, verse 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, 27. The happiness of animals mutual, 49. Reason and instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, 79.—Reason and instinct operate alike to society, in all animals, 109. How far society is carried by instinct, 115 ; how much farther by reason, 123. Of that which is called the state of nature, 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, 161 ; and in the forms of society, 171.—Origin of political societies, 191. Origin of monarchy, 201. Patriarchal government, 207. Origin of true religion, and government, from the same principle of love, 225. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, 233. The influence of self love, operating to the social and public good, 263. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, 275. Mixed government, 280. Various forms of each, and true end of all, 295, &c.

HERE then we rest—"The universal cause  
 Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."  
 In all the madness of superfluous health,  
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
 Let this great truth be present night and day, 5  
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world ; behold the chain of love  
 Combining all below and all above.  
 See plastic nature working to this end,  
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10  
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place

10 See the single atoms tend, each to the others. See *them* attract, &c.

Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.  
 See matter next, with various life endued,  
 Press to one centre still, the general good.  
 See dying vegetables life sustain, 15  
 See life, dissolving, vegetate again :  
 All forms that perish, other forms supply,  
 By turns we catch the vital breath and die ;  
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20  
 Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;  
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
 All served, all serving : nothing stands alone ; 25  
 The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn. 30  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?  
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strows the plain ?  
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer. 40  
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care ;  
 The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.  
 While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !" 45  
 " See man for mine !" replies the pampered goose ;—  
 And just as short of reason he must fall,  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control ;  
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole : 50  
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,  
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.  
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55  
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?  
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,  
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;  
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,  
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60  
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
 The extensive blessings of his luxury.  
 That very life his learned hunger craves,  
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;  
 Nay, feeds the animal he dooms his feast, 65  
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;  
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
 Than favored man by touch ethereal slain.  
 The creature had its feast of life before ;  
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er. 70

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,  
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :  
 To man imparts it ; but with such a view,  
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :  
 The hour concealed, and so remote the fear, 75  
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.  
 Great standing miracle ! that heaven assigned  
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blessed,  
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best ; 80  
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,  
 And find the means proportioned to their end.  
 Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,  
 What pope or council can they need beside ?  
 Reason, however able, cool at best, 85  
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,  
 Stays till we call, and then not often near ;  
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,  
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;  
 While still too wide or short is human wit ; 90  
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,  
 Which heavier reason labors at in vain.  
 This too serves always, reason never long ;  
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.  
 See then the acting and comparing powers, 95  
 One in their nature, which are two in ours ;  
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,  
 In this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.

93 *This*, viz. instinct.

96 One in *their* nature, i. e. in the nature of *instinctive* animals.



Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food ? 100  
 Preseient, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?  
 Who made the spider parallels design,  
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?  
 Who bids the stork, Columbus like, explore 105  
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?  
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds  
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds : 110  
 But as he framed the whole, the whole to bless,  
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness ;  
 So from the first, eternal order ran,  
 And creature linked to creature, man to man,  
 Whate'er of life all quickening ether keeps, 115  
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,  
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds  
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.  
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,  
 The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend : 120  
 The young dismissed to wander earth or air,  
 There stops the instinet, and there ends the care.  
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;  
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands ;  
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve, 125  
 At once extend the interest, and the love.  
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;  
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;  
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,  
 That graft benevolence on charities. 130  
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,  
 These, natural love maintained, habitual those :  
 The last, scarce ripened into perfect man,  
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began ;  
 Memory and forecast just returns engage, 135  
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;  
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,  
 Still spread the interest and preserved the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod ;

101 Prescient or with foreknowledge enough to withstand, &c.

115 Whatever ether keeps *or holds* of life *or alive*, or whatever breathes, shoots or pours.

132 These maintained natural love, those maintained habitual love.

134 Saw him helpless.

'The state of nature was the reign of God ; 140  
 Self-love and social at her birth began,  
 Union the bond of all things, and of man.  
 Pride then was not, nor arts, that pride to aid ;  
 Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;  
 'The same his table and the same his bed ; 145  
 No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.  
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,  
 All vocal beings hymned their equal God ;  
 The shrine with gore unstained, with gold undressed,  
 Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest : 150  
 Heaven's attribute was universal care,  
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.  
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !  
 Of half that live the butcher, and the tomb ;—  
 Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan, 155  
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.  
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,  
 And every death its own avenger breeds ;  
 The fury-passions from that blood began,  
 And turned on man a fiercer savage, man. 160  
 See him from nature rising slow to art !  
 To copy instinct then was reason's part.  
 Thus then to man the voice of nature spake—  
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :  
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ; 165  
 "Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;  
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;  
 "Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave :  
 "Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale. 170  
 "Here too all forms of social union find ;  
 "And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :  
 "Here subterranean works and cities see :  
 "There towns ærial on the waving tree.  
 "Learn each small people's genius, policies, 175  
 "The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;  
 "How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
 "And anarchy without confusion know ;  
 "And these forever, though a monarch reign,  
 "Their separate cells and properties maintain. 180  
 "Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,  
 "Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.  
 "In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,

" Entangle justice in her net of law,  
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ; 185  
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,  
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;  
 " And for those arts mere instinct could afford,  
 " Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored." 190

V. Great nature spoke ; observant man obeyed ;  
 Cities were built, societies were made ;  
 Here rose one little state, another, near,  
 Grew by like means, and joined through love or fear.  
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend, 195  
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?  
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,  
 And he returned a friend who came a foe.  
 Converse and love, mankind might strongly draw,  
 When love was liberty, and nature law. 200  
 Thus states were formed ; the name of king unknown,  
 'Till common interest placed the sway in one.  
 'T was virtue only, or in arts or arms,  
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms ;  
 'The same, which, in a sire, the sons obeyed, 205  
 A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then by nature crowned, each patriarch sate,  
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state ;  
 On him, their second providence, they hung,  
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue. 210  
 He from the wondering furrow called the food,  
 Taught to command the fire, control the flood,  
 Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,  
 Or fetch the ærial eagle to the ground ;  
 'Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began 215  
 Whom they revered as God, to mourn as man :  
 Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored,  
 One great First Father, and that first adored.  
 Or, plain tradition that this all begun,  
 Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son ; 220  
 The worker from the work distinct was known,  
 And simple reason never sought but one :  
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;  
 'To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod, 225

184 *In rain shall* entangle.

185 And harden too rigid right into wrong.

215 Till *he* drooping, &c. they began to mourn, as man, *him*, whom, &c.

219 Or plain tradition conveyed, &c.

And owned a father, when he owned a God.  
 Love, all the faith, and all the allegiance then,  
 For nature knew no right divine in men ;  
 No ill could fear in God, and understood  
 A sovereign being, but a sovereign good. 230  
 True faith, true policy, united ran,  
 That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,  
 The enormous faith of many made for one ;  
 That proud exception to all nature's laws, 235  
 To invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?  
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ;  
 'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,  
 Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
 And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made ; 240  
 She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,  
 When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the  
 ground,—

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray  
 To power unseen, and mightier far than they :  
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies, 245  
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :  
 Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;  
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;  
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust : 250  
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,  
 And formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.,  
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;  
 And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.  
 Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more ; 255  
 Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore :  
 'Then first the flamen tasted living food ;  
 Next, his grim idol smeared with human blood,  
 With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,  
 And played the god, an engine, on his foe. 260

So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,  
 To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust :  
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause  
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.  
 For what one likes, if others like as well,— 265  
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel—  
 How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,  
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?

257 'Then first the *priest* tasted, next he smeared his idol, shook the world and played the god as an engine, &c.

264 Of what restrains him, *viz.* government and laws.

His safety must his liberty restrain :  
 All join to guard what each desires to gain. 270  
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,  
 Even kings learned justice and benevolence :  
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,  
 And found the private in the public good.  
 'Twas then the studious head or generous mind, 275  
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,  
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore  
 The faith and moral, Nature gave before ;  
 Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new ;  
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ; 280  
 Taught power's due use to people and to kings,  
 Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender strings,  
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,  
 That touching one must strike the other too ;  
 Till jarring interests, of themselves, create 285  
 The according music of a well mixed state.  
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs  
 From order, union, full consent of things ;  
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made  
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen not invade ; 290  
 More powerful each as needful to the rest,  
 And in proportion as it blesses, blest ;  
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.  
 For forms of government let fools contest ; 295  
 Whate'er is best administered is best ;  
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
 But all mankind's concern is charity : 300  
 All must be false that thwart this one great end :  
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.  
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;  
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.  
 On their own axis as the planets run, 305  
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun,  
 So two consistent motions act the soul,  
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.  
 Thus God and nature linked the general frame,  
 And bade self-love and social be the same. 310

278 The faith and moral, or system of morals.

289 Small and great (*being* made to serve, &c. each *being* more powerful, &c.) draw to one point and bring to one centre.

302 And all must be of God, &c.

## EPISTLE IV.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness.*

False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from verse 19 to 27. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, 51. But notwithstanding that inequality the balance of happiness amongst mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, 70. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as it is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, 91. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars, 121. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, 133, &c. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue—instanced in riches, 185,—Honors, 193. Nobility, 200. Greatness, 210. Fame, 230. Superior talents, 252, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, 262, &c. That virtue alone constitutes happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, 300. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the *order of providence* here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, 307 &c.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim;  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;  
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,  
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,  
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5  
 O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise;  
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,  
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
 Fair opening to some courts propitious shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine? 10  
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?  
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:  
 Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere; 15  
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where:  
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free;  
 And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:  
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind. 20  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;

Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;  
 Some, swelled to gods, confess even virtue vain ;  
 Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25  
 To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

II. Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30  
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;  
 There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;  
 And, mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, " the Universal Cause 35  
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws,"  
 And makes what happiness we justly call,  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

'There 's not a blessing individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind ; 40  
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,  
 No caverned hermit, rests self-satisfied.

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.  
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :  
 Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,  
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is heaven's first law ; and this confessed,  
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50  
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.  
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their happiness ;  
 But mutual wants this happiness increase ; 55  
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend : 60

27 Say they, who thus define it, more or less, &c.

32 *Needs* is often a contraction of *need* is. There is need only of thinking right and meaning well.

33 Mourn *we* our various portions, &c.

37 What we justly call happiness.

43 They who pretend, &c. seek an admirer.

49 And this *being* confessed.

51 But he who infers—shocks, &c.

59 In those who obtain, &c.

Heaven breathes through every member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul,  
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,  
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?  
 If then to all men happiness was meant, 65  
 God in externals could not place content.  
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy called, unhappy those ;  
 But heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
 While those are placed in hope, and these in fear : 70  
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
 But future views of better, or of worse.  
 Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,  
 By mountains piled on mountains to the skies ?  
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75  
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.  
 III. Know, all the good that individuals find,  
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence. 80  
 But health consists with temperance alone ;  
 And peace, O virtue ! peace is all thy own.  
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;  
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.  
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85  
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?  
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curs'd,  
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion, first ?  
 Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,  
 'T is but what virtue flies from and disdains ; 90  
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.  
 O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,  
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !  
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95  
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.  
 But fools, the good alone unhappy call,  
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !  
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust ! 100  
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !

62 As it breathes one common soul.

71 Not present good or ill but future views are the joy or curse.

77 All the good—pleasure—joys lie in three words.

86 Who risk the most, *they* that take, &c.

93 O *they* are blind, &c.



Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?  
 Say, was it virtue, more though heaven ne'er gave,  
 Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?  
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105  
 Why full of days and honor lives the sire ?  
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,  
 When nature sickened and each gale was death ?  
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)  
 Lent heaven a parent to the poor and me ? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill ?  
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.  
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,  
 Or partial ill is universal good,  
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall, 115  
 Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.  
 Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause,  
 Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws ?

IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,  
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ? 120  
 On air or sea, new motions be impressed,  
 O blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?  
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?  
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall, 125  
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ?

V. But still this world, so fitted for the knave,  
 Contents us not. A better shall we have ?  
 A kingdom of the just then let it be :  
 But first consider how those just agree. 130  
 The good must merit God's peculiar care ;  
 But who but God can tell us who they are ?  
 One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell ;  
 Another deems him instrument of hell :  
 If Calvin feels heaven's blessing, or its rod, 135  
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God.  
 What shocks one part will edify the rest ;  
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine. 140

Whatever is, is right.—This world, 't is true,  
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too :  
 And which more blest ? who chained his country ? say,  
 Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day ?

VI. " But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is  
 fed." 145

# ESSAY ON MAN.

What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?  
 That, vice may merit, 't is the price of toil ;  
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ;  
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,  
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain. 150  
 The good man may be weak, be indolent ;  
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.  
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?  
 " No : shall the good want health, the good want power ?"  
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing ; 155  
 " Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king ?"  
 Nay, why external for internal given ?  
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven ?  
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
 God gives enough, while he has more to give : 160  
 Immense the power, immense were the demand ;  
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?  
 What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,  
 Is virtue's prize : a better would you fix ? 165  
 Then give humility a coach and six,  
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,  
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.  
 Weak, foolish man ! will heaven reward us there  
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ? 170  
 The boy and man an individual makes,  
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?  
 Go, like the Indian, in another life  
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,  
 As well as dream such trifles are assigned, 175  
 As toys and empires for a godlike mind,  
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring  
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.  
 How oft by these at sixty are undone  
 The virtues of a saint at twentyone ! 180  
 To whom can riches give repute or trust,  
 Content or pleasure, but the good or just ?  
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;  
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.  
 O fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind, 185

159 They who ask, &c.

161 If the power were immense, &c.

175 As well as dream that such trifles as toys and empires are assigned, &c. rewards that would bring no joy.

185 To think that God hates the worthy mind because he *lacks* a thousand pounds a year !

The lover and the love of human kind,  
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,  
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year !

Honor and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies. 190

Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;  
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.

“ What differ more, you cry, than crown and cowl ? ” 195  
I’ll tell you, friend ; a wise man and a fool.

You’ll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :  
The rest is all but leather or prunello. 200

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece ;  
But by your father’s worth, if yours you rate,  
Count me those only who were good and great.

Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood, 205  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,  
Go ! and pretend your family is young !

Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?  
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards. 210

Look next on greatness ; say where greatness lies ?  
“ Where, but among the heroes and the wise ? ”

Heroes are much the same, the point ’s agreed,  
From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede :  
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find 215  
Or make, an enemy of all mankind !

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
Yet ne’er looks forward farther than his nose.  
No less alike the politic and wise ; 220

All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes ;  
Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,—  
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;  
’Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great ;  
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave, 225  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

203 Count to me only those, &c.

209 Alas ! all the blood of all the Howards cannot.

214 The purpose of their lives being to find, &c.

218 No less alike are the politic, &c.

221 He who wickedly, &c.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed. 230

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;  
 A thing beyond us, even before our death.  
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,  
 The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.  
 All that we feel of it begins and ends 235  
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
 To all besides as much an empty shade,  
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead:  
 Alike or when or where they shone or shine,  
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine. 240  
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
 As justice tears his body from the grave,  
 When what to oblivion better were resigned, 245  
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.  
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert,  
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:  
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas: 250  
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior, what advantage lies?  
 Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise?  
 'Tis but to know how little can be known; 255  
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own:  
 Condemned in business, or in arts, to drudge,  
 Without a second, or without a judge:  
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land,  
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 260  
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view  
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;  
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount;  
 How much of other each is sure to cost; 265  
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;  
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;  
 How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:

234 *Is the same, whether Tully's or your own.*

237 To all besides the small circle, an Eugene living is as much an empty shade as a dead Cæsar is.

Think, and if still these things thy envy call,  
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall? 270  
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,  
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.  
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?  
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus's wife.  
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined, 275  
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:  
 Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,  
 See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!  
 If all, united, thy ambition call,  
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all. 280  
 There, in the rich, the honored, famed, and great,  
 See the false scale of happiness complete!  
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,  
 From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;  
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran, 285  
 And all that raised the hero, sunk the man;  
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,  
 But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:  
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,  
 Or infamous for plundered provinces. 290  
 O wealth ill fated! which no act of fame  
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!  
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?  
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,  
 The trophied arches, storied halls invade, 295  
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.  
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,  
 Compute the morn and evening to the day;  
 The whole amount of that enormous fame  
 A tale that blends their glory with their shame! 300  
 Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)

"Virtue alone is happiness below."  
 The only point where human bliss stands still,  
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
 Where only merit constant pay receives, 305  
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;  
 The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,  
 And if it lose, attended with no pain;  
 Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,  
 And but more relished as the more distressed; 310

277 Or *if* ravished, &c.

299 The whole amount of that enormous fame will be a tale, &amp;c.

303 This is the only point, &amp;c.

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,  
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :  
 Good, from each object, from each place acquired ;  
 Forever exercised, yet never tired ;  
 Never elated, while one man 's oppressed ; 315  
 Never dejected, while another 's blessed ;  
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss, heaven could on all bestow !  
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know : 320  
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find ;  
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
 But looks through nature up to nature's God ;  
 Pursues that chain which links the immense design, 325  
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;  
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,  
 But touches some above, and some below ;  
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,  
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ; 330  
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
 All end,—in love of God, and love of man.  
 For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,  
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;  
 Till lengthened on to Faith, and unconfined, 335  
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
 He sees why nature plants in man alone  
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :  
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
 Are given in vain ; but what they seek, they find :) 340  
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;  
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,  
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.  
 Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine, 345  
 Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.  
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?  
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :  
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,  
 In one close system of benevolence ; 350  
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,

317 And where no wants remain, no wishes can.

323 He who, slave to no sect, takes no private road, pursues, joins,  
 sees, learns and knows.

328 *That* touches *not* some above, &c.

343 At once she connects his own, &c.

350 Thou wilt be happier in the same degree thou art kinder.

And height of bliss but height of charity.  
 God loves from whole to parts : But human soul  
 Must rise from individual to the whole.  
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake, 355  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;  
 The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds ;  
 Another still, and still another spreads ;  
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace ;  
 His country next ; and next all human race : 360  
 Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind  
 Take every creature in, of every kind :  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And heaven beholds its image in his breast.  
 Come then, my friend, my genius, come along ; 365  
 O master of the poet and the song !  
 And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,  
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise, 370  
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;  
 Formed by thy converse, happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;  
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
 O ! while, along the stream of time, thy name 375  
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
 Say, shall my little bark, attendant sail,  
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?  
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes, 380  
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?  
 That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art  
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;  
 For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ; 385  
 Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right ?  
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;  
 That true self-love and social are the same ;  
 That virtue only makes our bliss below ;  
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know ? 390

357. The centre being moved. 369 Teach me to steer, &c.







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